

The Chronicle History

Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.

Gleff. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs
now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter Bourbon, Constable, Orleans, and Gebon.

Con. Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.

Orleans. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horse,
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleans. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my Mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

Bur.

of Henry the

Bur. I, bearing me. I tell thee
My Mistresse weares her owne.

Con. I could make as good a
If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Bur. Tut, thou wilt make vse

Con. Yet I do not vse my horse

Bur. Will it neuer be morning
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shall be paued with

Con. By my faith so will not
For feare I be out-faced of my

Bur. Well, ile go arme my selfe

Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* is

Orleans. I, he longs to eate

Con. I thinke hee'l eate all he

Orlean. O peace, ill will neuer

Con. Ile cap that Prouerbe,
With there's flattery in friendsh

Orle. O sir, I can answer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.

Con. Haue at the eye of that
With a iogge of the Diuell.

Orle. Well, the Duke of *Bur*
The most actiue Gentleman of

Con. Doing his actiuity, and

Orle. He neuer did hurt as I h

Con. No I warrant you, nor n

Orle. I hold him to be excee

Con. I was told so by one that
you.

Orle. Whose that?

Con. Why he told me so him
And said he cared not who kne

Orle. Well, who will go with
For a hundred English prisoner

Con. You must go to hazard